

# The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1798.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

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[Whole Number 506]

## THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY.

[Continued from our last.]

THE Constable, who was still obliged to be at the head of the army, could only continue to importune the King of France by reiterated dispatches. The enemies of the Prince wanted not resources to prejudice Charles against his nephew, notwithstanding the incessant representation of the virtuous Komyvinea. By what strange fatality has falsehood thus almost ever an access to the great?

Du Meel was now given to understand, that he must hasten the unravelling of this abominable plot. He observed to hesitate, whether from the powerful influence of remorse, or from his apprehensions that the Duke might afterwards repent, and punish him for a pliability so fatal. Promises, rewards, governments, a variety of dazzling advantages for himself and his accomplices, are all displayed, and are too powerful at last. The Prince is now thrown into a dungeon still deeper, and full of water. The grated window here overlooked the ditch that surrounded the fortress. It being now determined to starve their wretched victim, several days elapsed without supplying him with any kind of food.

The unfortunate Prince feels all the horror of his approaching fate. He utters the most lamentable cries: he implores the assistance of all the passengers whom he can perceive on the other side of the ditch: he extends his suppliant hands through the bars. "It is the Prince of Brittany," he cried, "it is the Prince of Brittany." He beseeches you for God's sake, to bestow a little bread and water."—No one durst stop even to hear him; so much were all apprehensive of suffering the smallest indication of pity to escape. How few are the exalted minds that can venture to undertake the defence of humanity, at the expense of personal interest! And how much easier is submission to the yoke of tyranny!

A poor woman, who was wont to solicit charity near the Castle, was greatly affected by the deplorable situation of the Prince. The name of this respectable creature is unknown; while the world is pestered with the names and surnames of so many illustrious villains, who in reality, should be the reproach and execration of mankind. Are ingratitude and cruelty then natural to the human heart? Or, are the unfortunate alone endued with sensibility? This woman, who had scarce a morsel of bread herself to support a miserable existence, had the resolution to descend by night into the ditch, and to convey to the prison thro' his window, or rather spiracle, that morsel of bread, and a small jug of water.—"My Lord," said she, "I give you all I have. I would die to serve you. Speak—what can I do for you? Alas! the great folks are then sometimes as much to be pitied as we are! Oh, my Lord, cannot I be yet more useful to you?"—The Prince is so affected by this generous action, that the tears, for some moments, interrupt his voice: at last, broken by sobs, it finds a vent: it is you, excellent creature, that thus come to succour me, while every one else—my brother!—He cannot proceed: he is choked by tears.—"My Lord,"

resumed the good woman, "I am certain the Duke cannot know your situation: I am deeply affected with it. Believe me, I will go and beg my bread with greater earnestness than ever. I will bring every day whatever I can get. Oh, my Lord, it shall all be yours—a very little will suffice me."—The Prince now experienced some mitigation of misery. How consolatory is pity! He incessantly repeated: "This then is the only bosom I have been able to soften!"

This woman, the heroine of sentiment, waited for the hour of darkness, to bring her nocturnal tribute of bread and water to the Prince. He could not see her again without apprehensions for her safety: "If you should be discovered," said he, "your life is in danger."—"Ah, my Lord," she answered, "what is the risk of my life, compared to the satisfaction of prolonging yours?"—The Prince asks her several questions: he would fain learn from her what was the situation of his wife: she cannot give him the least information on this interesting head—"You endeavor to prolong my life," said he to his benefactress; it is necessary to think also of the concerns of my soul. The barbarians have even denied me this succour. I conjure you to procure some charitable Friar to confess me; for I perceive my dissolution approaching, notwithstanding all your compassionate endeavors."

The good woman ran to throw herself at the feet of a Cordelier, who was her confessor. She related to him what she had done for the Prince of Brittany: she described the situation in which she had found him: and she soon prevailed upon the good Friar to repair to the prisoner. This man, worthy to fulfil the sacred functions of his ministry, and who was actuated by its benevolent spirits, exposes himself to the danger of being apprehended, and follows the woman, who conducting him in the dark, brings him to the grated window. She calls the Prince, who can find no words sufficiently expressive of his grateful feelings: "My Lord," said the Cordelier, "I only fulfil my duty; and who ought to fly to the succour of misery, if not to the ministers of Religion! Religion is the friend of the unfortunate: her bosom is open to their complaints; and she teaches us to sacrifice all, even life itself to her. The dictates of religion are more powerful than the common impressions of humanity. Command then my zeal and best services. Gracious God! what savages! Are they men, are they Christians that treat you thus?"—The prisoner with an affecting air, extends an arm walled away, to the Friar: "Alas, it is my brother!—I perceive," added he, "by these sentiments, the character of that true religion that inspires you. Yes, Religion only could have rendered you so compassionate, so charitable! I am forsaken by all the world. There are none to whom I can express my sufferings but God; and from him alone can I hope for compassion. Believe me, generous souls," addressing himself to the Friar and the woman, "should Heaven restore me to the world, my whole existence shall be employed to convince you both how deeply I am penetrated by your heroic goodness. Ah! I have found then two

friends before I die."—"Oh, my Lord," answered the woman, "we are the persons obliged. Till now I never thought there were any pleasures on earth for poor folks. You have convinced me, that in the greatest distress, one may yet enjoy happiness: I am the happiest creature in the world: I have been able to save your life."

The prisoner now thought he could trust this worthy creature with a commission that required some address. It was to gain admittance to the Princess, and to engage her to come there to see her dying husband. "If her hand," said the Prince, "could close my eyes—if she could receive my last last sigh—go, my worthy benefactress, exert every effort. May I once more enjoy the sight of my wife!"

The good woman leaves the Prince with the Cordelier, and hastens to find some means of gaining admittance to Alicia. The Friar is now engaged in administering, according to the custom of the Romish Church, the last consolations of Religion. His penitent gives an ingenious recapitulation of his faults, and deplores them with the most sincere contrition. He then adverts to the horror of his situation: "My Father, I am certainly guilty in the sight of God: you behold the contrition of my soul: but you assure me that my tears, my repentance, will obtain that pardon from Heaven, which men have the cruelty to refuse me. Alas! who has thus plunged me into such a gulf of misery? My brother—a brother I loved—a brother!"—At these words he bursts into tears. "My father," he resumes, "God commands it by your mouth: it is my duty then to pardon him."—The priest represents to him all that religion prescribes to us on this head.—"I forgive him: but since he obstinately refuses to hear the proofs of my innocence; since he rejects my cries, my tears, my last sigh; I appeal to the tribunal of the Supreme Judge, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I cite him to appear before the throne of God in forty days.\* Go, and tell him in my name, to what an avenger I have appealed. Tell him that you have seen his brother plunged in stagnant water, bathed with his tears, waited by famine, on the point of exhaling his wretched life, and—forgiving him, and even loving him still. Yes, my father, he is still dear to me. This augments my sufferings. I know that my enemies have taken advantage of his weakness. They have forced him, I am convinced, to detest, to persecute his brother. Tell him also that I implore at least some compassion for my wife. They will not surely, extend to her this unmerited persecution. If Heaven, my father, should permit your voice to touch him; If I should be allowed to prostrate myself at his feet, to—but I shall soon be no more. Oh, my father, forget not in your prayers the most wretched of men: I leave to God the care of rewarding you. Take this ring, it is of small value; the only thing of which my executioners have not deprived me. Deign to preserve it in

\* This is the superstitious language of the dark ages. The pure Religion of Christ knows no reserve in the forgiveness of injuries.



memory of an unfortunate man, who is deeply sensible of the invaluable service you have rendered him."

The good father had not the power to answer; he wept bitterly with the prisoner, who took his hand through the bars, and bedewed it with his tears: "Adieu, my dear benefactor, adieu once more. See the Duke, and forget not to say to what a tribunal I have cited him. But I have done with men: I now bid adieu to the world; I throw myself into the arms of God: he only can know the truth: he alone is the avenger of innocence."

The goaler and his attendants, who had hoped that hunger would rid them of their prisoner, are astonished to find him still alive. He had concealed in a corner of his dungeon, some pieces of bread, and a jug of water. Alas! what sustenance for the brother of a Sovereign!

Oliver du-Meel cannot divine by what kind of prodigy his hopes are thus defeated. The wretches who breathed nothing but the death of their victim, and who dreaded that a return of fraternal tenderness, in the heart of Francis, might deprive them of the fruit of their vengeance, gave du-Meel to understand, that he must hasten the end of his prisoner. It was resolved therefore to poison him. They affected therefore to compassionate his situation; and some soup was brot, which so far from reviving him, was to put a period to his existence. But the strength of his constitution overcame the effects which du-Meel expected from the poison; and the Prince struggled against death, which, as it were, invested him on every side.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### EPITAPH.

THIS languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet immovable breast,  
Is heav'd by affliction no more.  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.  
The lids she so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep;  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep.  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
Those hallows from waters are free;  
The tears are all wip'd from those eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

A TELL for those who carry MORE FLOUR than BRAINS  
above their shoulders,

#### EXTEMPORE ON PRIDE.

O Pride! thou vain, deceitful guest!  
Empty probationer: Puff'd up with thee,  
The awkward Clown aspires to imitate  
The supple Beau!  
The clown aspiring thus, depreciates;  
And sinks again to plain obscurity—  
Then, curling Pride, he seeks his own attire.

#### ANECDOTE.

A Reverend gentleman being at a neighbor's house, was making some observations on a man who had lately taken it into his head to refuse eating any thing, and to subsist by spiritual food alone. The good mother of the house wished to know what he intended should support his life and on being informed FAITH, she very soberly and honestly replied, "I believe he will want a few *suppers* with it."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### UPON REFLECTING ON THE DIFFERENT BEHAVIOR OF TWO YOUNG LADIES.

O CEASE, my bosom, cease to move  
For the coquetish artful train!  
O may I never never love  
A woman who can stoop to feign!

A double conduct always shews  
A groveling disingenuous mind;  
Some ill she does, she surely knows,  
Who o'er her actions throws a blind.

But she, whose heart is free from ill,  
Maintains a conduct free from guile;  
Has she done wrong, she's honest still,  
And owns it with a glowing smile.

On all she says you may depend,  
You may to her your all reveal;  
Does she not love, she'll ne'er pretend  
A passion that she does not feel.

And does she love—she'll frankly own,  
She'll not conceal a thought from you;  
Nor will she ever, with a frown,  
Make you uneasy if you're true.

Then if thou wishest to be blest,  
My heart, be of deceit afraid;  
Prefer the artless open breast,  
And love the generous candid maid.

#### THE SPIDER'S WEB.

SEE! where the spider weaves the line,  
In many a circling ring;  
So slight the texture is, so fine,  
So thin the heart-drawn string,  
That scarce the filmy web is seen  
Spread o'er the velvet grass;  
And not a zephyr sighs between  
The meshes, as they pass:

Yet, if by chance a vagrant fly  
Shall in the toils be taken,  
Her struggles can no aid supply,  
No freedom can they gain.

Thus, when the insidious wretch is set  
To blot a friend's repose,  
He weaves the unsuspected net,  
That binds him to his woes.

SOMBRZ.

#### ADDRESS OF THE AUTHOR TO HIS BED.

THOU Bed, in which I first began  
To be that various creature, Man;  
And, when again the Fates decree,  
The place where I must cease to be;  
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,  
To soothe my pain and close my eye;  
When Cares surround me, where I weep,  
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;  
When sore with labor, whom I court,  
And to thy downy breast resort;  
Where too extatic joys I find,  
When deigns my Delia to be kind,  
And, full of love, in all her charms,  
Thou giv'st the fair-one to my arms:  
The centre thou, where joy and pain,  
Disease and rest, alternate reign!  
Oh! if within thy little space  
So many different scenes have place,  
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach  
As sages dictate, churchmen preach!  
And man, convinc'd by thee alone,  
This great important truth shall own,  
That thin partitions do divide  
The bounds where good and ill reside;  
That nought is perfect here below,  
But bliss still borders upon woe.

#### ANECDOTE.

WHEN the learned Dr. Henry More was on his death bed, upon being told his disorder was occasioned by wind, he replied, "Then pray Heaven I may not go off in a storm."

THE MASK.

A TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A Beautiful lady of Bourdeaux mourned with the sincerest grief for her husband, who, as she heard by report, had perished by shipwreck. A numerous crowd of suitors attracted by her youth and charms only waited the confirmation of this rumour to solicit her hand. She behaved towards them with the utmost decency and propriety; yet, as she wished to make some return for the politeness they shewed her, she made a splendid entertainment for them, on one of the concluding days of the carnival. While the company were engaged in play, a stranger, masked, and habited as a genius entered, and set down to play with the lady. He lost, demanded his revenge, and lost again. This adverse fortune attended him ten or twelve times successively, because he adroitly managed the dice in such a manner, that the chance was continually against him. Other players then wished to try their luck with him, but the experiment did not turn to their advantage.—The lady again resumed her place, and won an immense sum, which the mask lost with a good humor and gaiety that absolutely astonished the spectators. Some person observed, loud enough to be heard, that this was not playing, but lavishly throwing away one's money: on which the mask, raising his voice, said, "that he was the Demon of Riches, which he valued not, except so far as it was in his power to bestow them on that lady;" and immediately to prove the truth of his words, he produced several bags full of gold, and others filled with diamonds and different kinds of precious stones; offering to stake them at one single throw, against any thing of the most trivial value he might please to propose. The lady startled, and embarrassed by this declaration, now refused to play any more; and the whole company knew not what to think of this extraordinary occurrence, when an old lady present, observed to the person next her, that the mask must certainly be the devil; and that his riches, his appearance, his discourse, and his dexterity at play, all sufficiently shewed what he was. The stranger, overhearing this, profited by the hint. He assumed the air and stile of a magician, mentioned several things which could be known only to the lady, spoke several foreign languages, performed many ingenious tricks, and concluded by declaring, that he was come to demand a certain person in the company, who had given herself to him; and who, he protested, belonged to him; asserting, at the same time, that he would take her to himself, and never leave her more, in defiance of every obstacle. All eyes were now turned on the lady, who knew not what to think of this adventure. The women trembled, the men smiled, and the genius still continued to excite the perplexity and admiration of the company. This extraordinary scene lasted so long, that some grave personages, at last, arrived, who interrogated the demon, and were on the point of exorcising him.

The mask, however, turned every thing into ridicule with so much wit, that he had the laughter on his side. At length when he found that it was no longer time for railery, he took off his mask, which immediately brought on the DEMONSTRATION of this extraordinary entertainment, by exciting an exclamation of joy from the mistress of the house. In the generous stranger she immediately recognized her husband; who, having been to Spain, had gone from thence to Peru, where he had made an immense fortune, and returned laden with riches. He had learned, on his arrival, that his lady was to give an entertainment and a masked ball to some particular friends. An opportunity so favorable to disguise, inspired with a wish to introduce himself without being known, and he had chosen the most extravagant dress he could meet with. The whole company, which, in a great measure, consisted of his relations and friends, congratulated him on his return, and willingly resigned to him his amiable lady, whom he had very justly claimed as his own.

#### ANECDOTE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman passing through one of the Streets, not a thousand miles from the Fly Market, observed the prancing of a pair of Horses, tackled to a Coach, and a lady screaming through fright, inquired of a lady near by what was the matter, "Oh! (replies the lady,) sir, she never been used to a Coach."



SATURDAY, March 10, 1798.

IMPORTANT.

Message of the President of the United States, of the 5th March, 1798, with a letter from our Envoys Extraordinary at Paris, and other Documents.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and  
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

The first dispatches from our Envoys Extraordinary, since their arrival at Paris, were received at the Secretary of State's office at a late hour the last evening. They are all in a character, which will require some days to be deciphered, except the last, which is dated the 8th January 1798. The contents of this letter is of so much importance to be immediately made known to Congress, and to the public, especially to the mercantile part of our fellow citizens, that I have thought it my duty to communicate them, to both Houses, without loss of time.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, March 5th, 1798.

Paris, January 8th, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

We embrace an unexpected opportunity to send you the "Redacteur" of the 5th inst. containing the Message of the Directory to the Council of Five Hundred, urging the necessity of a law to declare as good prize all neutral ships having on board merchandizes and commodities, the production of England, or of the English possessions, that the flag, as they term it, may no longer cover the property. And declaring farther, that the ports of France, except in cases of distress, shall be shut against all neutral ships, which, in the course of their voyage, shall have touched at an English port. A commission has been appointed to report on the message, and it is expected, that a decree will be passed in conformity to it.

Nothing new has occurred since our last, in date of the 24th ult. We can only repeat that there exists no hope of our being officially received by this government, or that the objects of our mission will be in any way accomplished.

We have the honor to be,  
with great respect,

your most obedient servants,  
CHARLES C. PINCKNEY,  
J. MARSHALL,  
E. GERRY.

TIMOTHY PICKERNE, Esq;

Extract of a Letter from Bourdeaux, dated Dec. 8. written by a gentleman whose information may be depended on.

"Our Plenipotentiaries are still at Paris, and have not as yet effected any arrangement, they have not even had an audience or any conference with the executive, and nothing can exceed the indifference with which they have been treated; to say no worse--It is impossible to foresee in what manner the present discord between the two governments will be reconciled--it is generally thought, and indeed it is our individual opinion, that our present commissioners will not effect the object of their mission: Yet we do not think hostility will follow their departure from Paris, unless provoked by the United States by some act of reprisals for French depredations, which depredations will probably continue at the will and whim of the executive of France--yet this which will be measured by their political situation with the neighboring nations."

PHILADELPHIA, March 7.

We are favored by captain Lloyd Jones, of the Benjamin Franklin, from Bourdeaux, with Paris papers to the 31st of January last, and Bourdeaux papers to the 5th, from which we have had translated a few articles for this day's paper. Capt. Jones has also furnished us with a list of 46 American vessels carried into different ports of France, between the 1st of November 1796, and 21st of October, 1797, all which, except a brig called the Amiable Matilda, have been condemned by the tribunals of the departments, from which some had appealed to the high court of cassation at Paris, but most of the concerned considered such an appeal as tending to expence, without answering any good purpose.

Capt. Jones informs, that the most active preparations were making in France for the projected invasion of England; that all towns throughout the republic, and the merchants, had come forward with contributions for this purpose; and that even the fishing boats were held in requisition. It was reported that an army of 150,000 men were in readiness. Twenty two vessels had been launched at Nantes within a very short time, intended for privateers, mounting from 18 to 26 guns, five of which were specially designed for the coast of America in the spring. The Americans at Paris were treated with manifest disrespect. The Portuguese ambassador at Paris had been imprisoned, upon what pretext Capt. Jones could not learn. Report was also in circulation, that an attempt had been made to poison General Buonaparte and two of the Directors.

It is expected that as soon as the Commissioners should leave Paris, orders would be issued for the indiscriminate seizure of all American vessels. Capt. Jones was chased three days and three nights by a French cruiser, in the Bay of Biscay, which was afterwards taken by a British man of war.

Extract of a letter from Bourdeaux, dated Dec. 27, 1797, brought by Capt. Jones.

"A privateer of this place has brought in here the ship Federation of Charleston, Capt. Pratt, bound to London; and no doubt she will be condemned. The reason alleged for bringing her in, is because she had on board a list of vessels belonging to England, insured at Lloyd's Coffee house, in which list a vessel of the same name happened to be.

"The frigate Medusa returning from Cape Francois in company with the Insurgente, foundered at sea, the crew were saved by the Insurgente and had arrived at L'Orient."

Falmouth, Dec. 29.

Yesterday a gentleman, said to be a Captain belonging to Sir Edward Pellew's Squadron, landed in Mount's Bay, and set off express for London. While he took fresh horses at Truro, he assured a gentleman of this town, that a French Squadron was at sea, and with a large number of transports, having 50,000 men on board--destined, 20,000 against Sicily Islands, and 30,000 to be landed in the North of Ireland; that Sir Edward's Squadron was not sufficient to engage them, and was sent express to government for an immediate reinforcement. We are in hopes that this bad news may not prove authentic.



MORTALITY.

A thousand ways our troubles here increase,  
While care succeeding care destroys our peace;  
Why fly we then? what can such comfort give?  
We cease to suffer, when we cease to live.

DIED.

In the city of London, the celebrated Mr JOHN WILKES, aged 71 years.

On Thursday morning the 1st inst. in this city, in the 50th year of her age, Mrs. JANE NICHOLS, consort of Mr Walter Nichols.

On Sunday last, Mrs. MARIA SCRIBA, wife of George Scriba, Esq; of this city.



BY order of the hon. Robert R. Livingston, Esq. chancellor of the State of New-York, upon the petition of Samuel Allen, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction with so many of his creditors as have debts bona fide owing to them by the said Samuel Allen, amounting at least to three fourths of all monies owing by the said Samuel Allen. All the creditors of the said Samuel Allen are hereby required to shew cause, if any they have, before the said chancellor by the last Thursday in April next, at his dwelling house in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said Samuel Allen's estate should not be made for the benefit of all his creditors, and the said Samuel Allen discharged, according to an act of the legislature of the State of New-York, intitled, "An act for giving relief in cases of insolvency," passed 21st March, 1788. Dated this 7th day of March, 1798. SAMUEL ALLEN, Abel Buckley and John N. Kershaw, petitioning creditors.

06---61

COURT of HYMEN.

MAY peace and love, and opulence attend  
The swain whose wisdom asks a female friend;  
For ease and bliss and every joy of life,  
Are all concentr'd in the thing call'd---WIFE.

MARRIED

On Tuesday evening the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. AMOS MUNSON, to Miss HANNAH HUMBERT, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. ISAAC DODD, to Miss JANE SMITH, both Bloomfield, (N. J.)

Same evening, Mr. JOHN HAYDOCK, jun. to Miss MARY WRIGHT, both of Bridge-town, (N. J.)

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. SAMUEL GEDNEY, merchant, to Miss NELLY PETERS, daughter of Mr. Harry Peters, merchant, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, at Bloomingdale, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. THOMAS TAN EYCK, of this city, to Miss MARGARET DEFEYSTER, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Depeyster.

THE marriage of Mr. BENJAMIN B. SMITH, to Miss SALLY VAN ZANDT, inserted in last week's Museum, we are requested to contradict. A note, left in the Printer's absence, written by some malicious insignificant puppy, with the signature of Mr Benjamin B. Smith, induced the Editor to publish it. The signature we are authorized to say is a forgery: and the author will probably write his next note in the New Prison, as he will certainly be prosecuted to the utmost extremity of the law.

All Marriages in manuscript, in future, will be considered as counterfeits, unless endorsed by the Minister, and regularly sworn to before a Notary Public.

ERRATA.

Instead of the lines prefixed to the Epitaph inserted in our last, substitute the following:

LINES,

Copied from an elegant Monument lately erected in the Church at Flushing, (L. I.)



NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

A favorite Comedy, called, The

YOUNG QUAKER;

Or, Fair American.

Young Sadboy,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Chronicle,	Mr Johnson,
Captain Ambush,	Mr Tyler,
Cloth,	Mr Hallam,
Shadrach,	Mr Jefferson,
Old Sadboy,	Mr Frigmore,
Lounge,	Mr Miller,
Malachi,	Mr Wooll,
Coachman,	Mr Lee,
Twig,	Mr Seymour,
Goliath,	Master Stockwell,
And, Spatterdash,	Mr Martin,
Aramints,	Mrs Hodgkinson,
Pink,	Mrs Seymour,
Lady Rounceval,	Mrs Brett,
Mrs Millefleur,	Mrs Collins,
Judith,	Mrs King,
And, Dinah Primrose,	Mrs Hallam,

To which will be added,

A Musical Entertainment, called, The

DESERTER.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.



FOR SALE,

A sprightly Negro Wench, 16 years of age; has had the small pox and measles; very handy, and fond of children--fold for no fault. Lowest price £60. Enquire of the Printer. March 6, 1798. 6-11





## COURT of APOLLO.

A WIDOW AND NO WIDOW.

A NEW SONG.

Tune---YOU KNOW I'M YOUR FRIEND.

YOU may talk of your maidens, fair widows, and wives,  
And the strange things they do in the course of their  
lives;

But maids, wives, and widows, 'tis very well known,  
Have all got a way and a will of their own.  
Sing balanamona ora, &c.  
The swate little craters for me.

To be sure now and then pretty widows will mourn,  
And sigh for the loss of their lad which is gone;  
But as sighing's all nonsense, and grieving's a sin,  
They dry up their tears and get married again.  
And sing balanamona ora, &c.  
Och! the dear little craters for me.

Then tho', Sirs, our widow is not quite a chicken,  
By my tho't she's as gamefome as any young kitten;  
But my master's come home, so my dear you will see  
A widow and no widow you quickly will be.  
Sing balanamona ora, &c.

Och! the dear little craters for me.

FROM THE BEE.

ANECDOTE.

AN honest, well meaning old lady having a son who was  
about to travel, among other pieces of advice she  
gave him for his future conduct, was the following: "Put  
not your trust in an arm of flesh, but rely on that big Br-  
ing who delivered HUBBARD, SHUGAR, and ASCANTHRA-  
SAC from the great fiery fous."  
Meaning Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego.

W. PALMER,

Japanner and Ornamental Painter,  
HAS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal  
Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-street, corner of the Old-slip  
where he continues to carry on the

*Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.*

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number  
of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the low-  
est possible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varnishing, and Sign Painting executed  
in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. May 27.

JOHN VANDER POOL,  
Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assort-  
ment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Lin-  
ners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of  
Cane's Hair Pencils, cheap for Cash, or approved notes.  
Aug. 6 23--lf.

*For Sale by Daniel Hitchcock,*

No. 79 GOLD-STREET,

WILD Cherry Joist, Boards, and Plank, of the first qual-  
ity; Boilhead Boards, and Joist; Beach, Birch,  
Witewood and Maple Joist; Maple, Ash, and White-  
wood Plank; 1-2 inch Whitewood Boards; clear and  
common White-Pine Boards; clear and common White-  
Pine 1-2 inch Plank; 1 inch Pine Plank; 1-2 inch wide  
and narrow Pine Boards, and common Scantling.

N. B. The above stuff seasoned 6t for immediate use.  
Aug. 26, 1797. 28--lf.

## MORALIST.

"He that considereth he is to die, is content while he liv-  
eth;---he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in  
any thing; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he  
expecteth every moment he shall lose."

FROM the dust we were made, and to the dust we must  
return;---Life shrinks and disappears from the body of  
man, when called upon by the invincible foe of the chil-  
dren of the earth, called Death. Let us therefore be con-  
tent upon earth, let us study wisdom and reason, which  
will teach us, that man was born to die---his sentence is  
passed, it is unchangeable and unavoidable and no delay  
is obtained, when called upon---It of course is our duty  
to think of death, and be content; be ready, when sum-  
moned, for destiny has decreed all men to die; but to die  
well is the particular privilege of the virtuous and good.  
Death is no more than turning us over from time to  
eternity.

"Death is the crown of life, was Death denied

"Poor man had liv'd in vain."

It becometh thee, O child of mortality, to consider  
thy destiny, and to contemplate upon the certainty of thy  
fate, for all our knowledge, our employments, our riches,  
and our honors, must end in death. Therefore---

"Be like a centinel, keep on your guard,

"All eye, all ear, all expectation of

"The coming foe.

Dr. GREENWOOD, Surgeon Dentist,

No. 14 Vesey Street, opposite St. Paul's Church Yard,  
PERFORMS every operation incident to the Teeth and  
Gums: he transplants and grafts natural teeth, like-  
wise makes and fixes artificial teeth without the least pain,  
some of which are of a peculiar kind, the enamel being  
to hard as to produce fire when struck with steel, and is  
as beautiful as that upon the human teeth.

Dr. GREENWOOD has a particular way of cleaning the  
teeth that does not give the least pain, and at the same  
time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish and whiteness,  
with directions, which, if followed, will keep them white,  
sound, and free from pain during life.

PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Transplants teeth 3 guineas each; grafts natural teeth  
from 2 to 4 dollars each; artificial teeth from 1 dollar  
to 2-3 each; cleanses and files the teeth from 1 to 3  
dollars each person.

NB. As there is many a good set of teeth neglected and  
ruined for the want only of proper directions to preserve  
them, Dr. GREENWOOD will for the benefit of those who  
chuse to apply, give his advice gratis, and at the same time  
point out the cause of their decay in so plain a manner that a  
child of six years of age may comprehend it, and by that  
means induce them to remove the millions of creatures  
which are every moment helping to destroy both the teeth  
and gums. To convince those who may doubt the opera-  
tor will show those Animalcules as represented by the fa-  
mous George Adams in his *Micographia Illustrata*, &c.  
No. 14 Vesey Street, opposite St. Paul's Church Yard.  
March 3. 25 8t

General Washington,

TO be seen every day, from 10 to 2, and from 3 to 5  
o'clock, at the new City Tavern, in Broad Way, for  
one Month. This painting is as large as life; was paint-  
ed by Mr. Gilbert Stuart, an American, the greatest  
painter of the age. The General is in the attitude of ad-  
dressing Congress the last time, and does appear like life  
itself. The frame was made by Mr. Cumberland, of this  
city, who is entitled to great merit for its richness and  
elegance. In the same room, there is for sale, the grand  
Concert Clock, which was lately shewn at the Panorama,  
its price is 1750 dollars. Also, ten full lengths original  
paintings, just arrived from France, of the following cele-  
brated personages, viz. M. D. La Fayette, Robespierre,  
Petion, Rabaut St. Etienne, T. Paine, Clermont Tonnerre,  
Mirabeau, Brissot, Genfonne, and Camille Des Moulins, all  
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